

## Heart

by liz Monday, Oct 19 2015, 12:29am

international / poetry / post

willows sway and weep  
the breeze moves  
through its draped  
leaves  
aquatic birds skim the surface  
of billabongs and ponds  
flying or skimming to rest  
on the water

Being pulses  
its eternal beat and rhythm  
through every living thing,  
few humans respond  
to its rarefied scintillations  
and indescribable beauty

ceaseless, it courses through  
veins and nerves exploding softly  
in the brain then returning  
through channels of light to its source  
only to rise again  
in a never ending cycle  
of flowing and ebbing tides  
of bliss

pure Life, beyond seen and unseen  
beyond cognition --  
the dynamic of Being is  
Life unqualified  
though Being qualifies all Life

the dead concern themselves with  
death interning their kind  
in coffins of formality,  
burying all that Life offers --  
for the dead life is only  
prescribed patterns of static formality

Eternity is without beginning or end  
beyond the reach of formality,  
the dead that inhabit a dead realm  
know nothing of it,

the interned remain dead to Life

the sun's beam strikes a quartz rock  
and explodes into colour  
the living Australian desert  
brims with Life though few  
venture to its heart  
where the moving rainbow serpent  
dwells

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-1932.html>